



# REFERENCE



# COLLECTIONS











# MARK TWAIN'S SCRAP BOOK.

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## PATENTS:

UNITED STATES.  
JUNE 24TH, 1873.

GREAT BRITAIN.  
MAY 16TH, 1877.

FRANCE.  
MAY 18TH, 1877.

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## TRADE MARKS:

UNITED STATES.  
REGISTERED No. 5,896.

GREAT BRITAIN.  
REGISTERED No. 15,979.

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## DIRECTIONS.

Use but little moisture, and only on the gummed lines. Press the scrap on without wetting it.

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DANIEL SLOTE & COMPANY,  
NEW YORK.





# INDEX.

A

Page

B

Page

B

Page

B

C

C

D

D

E

# INDEX.

M

Page

M

Page

M

Page

N

O

P

Q

R

R



From, *Tribune*  
*Juniata Pa.*  
Date, *Dec. 22* 1892

## HISTORY OF JUNIATA

County, As it Was, Is, and Was Written by

"JOHN BROWN," AND READ

Before the Institute at Thompson-  
town, December 17th  
1892.

When, through the politeness of one of the chief officials of your honorable body, we were requested to prepare a paper for this occasion, we very reluctantly consented to do so, knowing that it would require the loss of many hours of sleep, as well as the wear and tear of our shoe soles in running over Juniata county making observations in order to present you with a life-like picture of our county. Those of you who have ever passed over the eastern, or northern portions of Juniata county, will at once see the propriety of selecting Juniata county, in preference to all other counties in the state as the subject to write upon.

Mitchell and all other Geographical celebrities tell us the earth is composed of land and water. Had they ever traveled over the roads we passed over, he never would have made that assertion. If it were possible for us to suddenly remove all that Mitchell terms earth and enable you to see the result, we would have remaining the oddest looking skeleton ever presented to the eye of man. When God made the earth—whether he intended to put upon it a Juniata county, or whether it was merely surplus matter left over after cutting it up into political divisions, &c., we know not—but that she differs very materially from all other particles of earth we are already sufficiently persuaded of. If you now imagine

our school record: How do every particle of Juniata soil and every drop of water she contains removed, we would have remaining, what? Not an immensity of space, such as the sudden removal of Bucks county would produce; nor yet an immensity of sour kraut, such as the sudden annihilation of the earthy part of Snyder county would produce. But we would have remaining mountains, hills, valleys, and all the natural features, save land, and water so nearly in their present position that only a man with keen observation would know that an important event had transpired. Methinks I now behold the scene. The farmer's cow, who never was known to be viciously inclined suddenly elevates her "narrative" to an angle of 45 degrees; gives out 9 tremendous bawl, and then stopping to look more closely into the actual damage, she again puts on her hungry look and quietly goes to feeding on huckleberry sprouts again. The mules suddenly casts his eyes to China, and for 8 long hours he kicks in every direction, nor will he compromise until he has kicked at everything movable and immovable within his reach. The toad, with a sudden bound is seen to straddle the nearest stone and just when the first melancholly sound escapes from his throat, like the serpent of old Eden, the snake, who is not afraid of trifles seizes him by the hind foot and swallows him while clinging to a friendly root. Should it be possible for such an eruption of nature to occur, the hiding places of all the black bass in the Juniata river would suddenly be discovered. Where the Tuscarora mountain now stands there would be left a net work of rocks and stone, so little altered from its present appearance as to require perhaps a rail worn, horizontally across the hunter's lumber region to ward off the danger from falling into China when traveling on foot. A man standing on Main street in Thompsonstown could hear the sound produced by the buckwheat threshers flail in Perry county. Boymen and kitchen girls would be the principal sufferers by the loss of water. Hotel dealers would be obliged to sell their strychnine pure and unalloyed—or close up shop. Your milk dealers would bring to your door pure milk—which by the way would be the only sure article of that kind ever sold in any American market since the time when Jacob divided his flocks. But unfortunately we have no way to separate the earth from the county, or the county from the earth, therefore we will proceed to briefly illustrate some of its most prominent and special features. I would first call your attention to the quantity of ground, the author of this work was first permitted to look upon, viz: the pinnacle, or in more poetical language, the home of John Brown. It was many, many years ago when we were 41 months old, that a dear old mother said "My son! this is a piece of Juniata county. We are now drifting upon!—It was then and there that your author made up his mind that some day he would explore the whole county from east to west, from Perry county to Juniata county's coldest extremity north, and minutely collect a



ry of all the hidden mysteries within its veil and publish as a matter of advanced history to be transmitted to posterity. Gentlemen might consider as egotistical for selecting the "pinnacle" as our first illustration, it being the roots, and rocks, of our birth place, but it is nearer to heaven *geographically* than any other point in the county. Thompsonstown lies on its eastern base, from which point on a starry night, its grim gray boulders may be seen, but it is only when after you have once gained the summit of the "Pinnacle" that you become fully impressed with the picture, scenery. No indifferent or half glance will suffice; the first thing that catches the strangers eyes will be an innumerable army of lean dogs, lean cats, lean pigs, and in short you will find there the greatest collection of lean everything extant, at the sight of a stranger—who they all detect from the white shirt he wears—these animals all set up such a hideous howl that makes Bedlam a Garden of Eden in comparison. But your thoughts are soon lifted up from the poverty that surrounds you. You now behold the wild fantastic but beautiful picture that nature has in reservation for you. Low down in the valley beneath you lays the laughing waters of the blue Juniata, while speeding over its southern shores goes the iron horse belonging to the Pennsylvania Railroad. From the stack of this engine issues a coil of smoke that has a grace and beauty that is only known to those who view it from this peculiar point. Rolling up the slope of the Tuscarora mountain the scene is ever shifting and changing, sometimes the mountain itself is lost in smoke. Images of ghosts are photographed by the sun, followed by such a mixture of sublime forms that in their wild panorama must be seen to be appreciated. Looking east, we catch a glimpse of the old state road known as the "Turn pike," where it crosses what is now known as the Millers-town narrows. Amid the scarred and frowning rocks projecting over its southern steep we see here and there a thicket and tangled group of gnarled and unhappy trees, under whose spreading branches once sat the famous murderer, "Lewis," surrounded and supported by his blood thirsty accomplices, who, accordingly to history, lifted the scalps off of more "Drovers" than any other gentleman in Juniata county. While you may not be able to find the particular spot to catch this view, we positively assert we have seen it. It is not our intention to describe the beautiful side of Juniata county, but more to surprise you with the fact that it can claim beauty as a sole redeeming trait, and grandeur too, if properly exposed. Before dismissing the point known as Millers-town Narrows, to the interest of history we wish to remark that the blood of 896 drovers, 247 tramps, and 48 natives are to-day crying for revenge from the shadows of the rocks upon which that crimson tide once fell.

Not far from this historic spot stands the stump of an old hollow tree, upon whose spreading branches the owl sat and hooted its greeting to Christopher Columbus when his sail first struck Juniata soil. The tree

itself was sacrificed to the axe of the pioneer woodchopper from Adams county. Upon this stump stood the artist when he drew the first portrait of the American eagle. It was an ambrotype picture and was since then been adopted as the Bird of our country. When the Earth was first made the Juniata river was perfectly straight—to-day she is bent and twisted into a crazy crooked bed not fit for a Lizzard to wiggle in. If we were to tell you that in Juniata county to day there is a small colony of people whose faces many of you have never looked upon, you would scarcely credit our assertion, and yet we have succeeded in locating them. Their ways, habits, and actions are all Greek to the Natives. If after the first snow falls you will mount the first bark sled headed north, it will land you in a country where the white man's heel has seldom trod, and yet that lonely wilderness is inhabited by a race of people who were born as you were born, whose Forefathers and Grandmothers once lived and enjoyed their possessions. But mark the change of these, their offspring. As a class they are industrious, they have only one profession, dealers in hoop-poles or cross-ties. Originally they came from Bucks county. Their food consists of fitch, corn-flour, sourkraut and smoking tobacco. They were never seen down in the valley only on election days. They then came to the polls on sleds or drags of their own manufacture. To the business end of these drays they attach a horse and a mule or two brown steers, and after casting their ballots for William Penn they again go forth into the wilderness. They have no policy and vote at random. It is said Longfellow the Poet copied his famous poem entitled, "Excelsior," from a more ancient poem composed by the first settler in this district. We have not been able to procure the entire poem, but a few scattered verses run like this:

The shades of night were falling fast,  
When through Goodville a wood sled passed.  
The Driver followed this device  
As on he sped over snow and ice.

"Whoop poles! Hoop poles!"

Try not that pass, the old man said;  
The rocky road will bust you! sled,  
But rocks and stone the youth defied,  
As loud his his clarion voice replied.

"Cross Ties!" Cross Ties!" Cross Ties!"

Oh, stay! the Maiden cried, and rest.  
That poor old Horse can't stand the test.  
Deep hunger fell on all around,  
But still we heard this joyful sound,

"Buck wheat!" Buck wheat!"

The night came on and darkness spread,  
Its gloomy mantle overhead.  
When from the hills a loud winds bore,  
These ech'ng to us forevermore:

"Dark times! Dark times!"

At break of day a huntsman found  
Stretched out upon the frozen ground,  
A mangled pile of skin and bones,  
From which arose three dreadful groans,

Played out! Played out! Played out!

If you will now go with me to a point only half mile east of Mexico, I will show you a hole in the ground. This hole at first sight attracts but little attention. But after all the horrible facts connected with that hole are told your interest in it will be greatly augmented. Times was, my friends,



when the hole in the ground was a Mammoth Cave, inhabited by that same Robber Lewis' gang (previously referred to), here at the mouth of this cave they would lie in waiting until approached by some unsuspecting footman, when, unless they thought him worthy of their steel, they would dive back into their retreat, like so many turtles off a log into the Juniata river in dog days. Directly south from this cave on the opposite side of the Juniata river is a hill or mound beneath whose clods rests the bones of hundreds of the human race. By a careful analysis we find that these bones are all bones of western men, and of the Caucasian race. We further find that every bone in that collection of skeletons represents part of a Texas or Missourian cattle drover. Now the great question awaiting satisfactory solution is, from whence they came? What was their History or how did they die? Well there are two theories—one is, and perhaps the correct one, they are the victims of Mr. Lewis' professional work. It will be remembered Prof. A. L. Guss, in his special report on this matter claims they are the bones of the "Noble Red men," personally, we take an entire different view. When our forefathers first met on the spot now marked by the Monumental Skelton Pile, they too, had a problem to solve—one of great solemnity and vast importance. The question with them what should be the design and figure on the Flag of Juniata county. William Penn contended for a photograph of a Quaker. The Germans wanted an Omishman in his Sunday costume. The natives proper counted a bundle of crooked cross-ties bound together with small hickory poles. One old Spaniard proposed a wild turkey and the Goodville delegation were unanimously in favor of the head of a spotted steer and 2 ox yokes. Thus the war began and after a bloody battle the entire thing was compromised by all parties agreeing to adopt a special Flag for Juniata county, and by a rising vote she was then and those lawyers legitimately and judiciously annexed as part of the first subject, to the laws that govern the Nation and sworn to protect the United States Flag, and to become civilized and naturalized according to quality and intelligence possessed by its inhabitants after the battle 211 martyrs to their desires lay dead on the field, and they buried them where they fell. Not a word was spoken, not a tear was shed; not even a resolution drafted sacred to their memory. It remains for us to accord them this first, and last tribute. "Peace to their ashes," while at the same time, as we believe we successfully account for the cause of that mournful, sad and mysterious collection of bones that has hitherto puzzled so many of our fellow historians on this same subject. A Teachers Institute seems to us the only appropriate collection of human wisdom. We can safely entrust with this advanced thought on a subject so heavily freighted with local importance and into your hands, gentlemen of the "staff," we hand our theories in their crude and raw state, leaving them to the festive minds of Juniata school Teachers assembled, to complete.

Well, as to our school record: How do we stand to-day compared with forty years ago? Let us briefly notice the changes. 40 years ago we carried our dinners in a gripsack and our books in our pockets. To-day its directly the opposite, dinners in pocket and books in gripsack. 40 years ago a county superintendent visited schools on foot, when not expected. To-day he comes in royal style on wheels, after due notice being given, and finds the school engaged in a special variety of problems with which ever one is as familiar as A. B. C., having gone over the same work carefully, in preparation for the last past week. 40 years ago the boys chopped the wood and consequently froze during the day. To-day we have coal for fuel in every school room in Juniata county. 40 years ago a man going west took the packet boat at Millerstown in the morning, and put up in Mifflintown for lodging at night. To-day he starts by railway at Millerstown in the morning and wakes up with his leg broken in a wreck, 6 miles west of Pittsburg at night. 40 years ago the boy that wore a paper collar on Sunday was an aristocrat of high honor. To-day the boy that can't wear a linen collar all the week stands at the foot of the class and is made the whipping post for the whole school. 40 years ago the boys traveled on "stilts." Today all well regulated boys own a hand sled painted red. 40 years ago a citizen of Mifflin county was known by the cut of his hair and the hooks and eyes on his coat. To-day store clothes with buttons on, and the marks of the barber's scissors has removed all these local directions from off his person. Snyder county 40 years ago, only noted for her speck and sour kraut, to-day dines on half moon snitz pies, takes sugar in her tea, and has vegetables in season equal to any other competition for advanced methods of to-day. She only lacks one qualification to being weighed in the balance with Juniata county, and that is she fails to develop her church festivals, her grab bag system, her cake walk industries, and her modern opportunities in this class generally.

But in closing. Briefly, what of the future? To-day we are all here learning how and what to teach our children. Is it not a sad fact that not all who are educated make the best uses of it? One of the saddest pictures of life is the spectacle of seeing an individual well versed in books, qualified to fill any position in the land, and yet only figuring in character of a clown, or a drone in the hive. The text-books used in our schools to-day contain all the rudimentary elements that go to make up the building of the human temple, but the foundation needs many improvements. What are the necessities of to-day? Look to manhood, the veteran boys for your answer. Boys become men—what then is most objectional to society among men to day, and you have the answer: In our opinion, dishonesty, lying and hypocrisy, are three of the most evils. "Thou shalt not lie," "Thou shalt not steal," prove to me to-day that George Washington actually didn't hack that tree with his little hatchet, but simply lied about



to gain a reputation for telling the truth, and I am done with George as a *curiosity* in the boy line. Hypocrisy is an evil. How often do we see men saddle their misdeeds on the boys—a point just occurs to me here, for illustration—four weeks ago we stood on the main square in company with many of the officials of our town, looking at a bear dance, when the report got into print, it ran like this: "Quite a number of our boys were seen on the streets watching two dirty looking bears, etc." Well the same bears went to Mifflin. There the audience at the bear dance was made up of lawyers, doctors, preachers, professors and editors, and yet the same report about "the small boy" being out in force to see the bear dance, was given to the public. What a sad demonstration of human hypocrisy the lesson affords. In the name of all that is just, I enter my protest against making our boys the scape goats behind which guilty men shall be sheltered. Teach the boys to tell the truth when they are boys, and so impress it on their minds that it will serve them as Passport over the road of honesty until they reach the Golden Gates of everlasting joy.

## SENTINEL & REPUBLICAN

MIFFLINTOWN.

Wednesday, January 21, 1885.

### The First Church in Mifflintown.

In September, 1755, the Penn government of the province of Pennsylvania warranted to Alexander Lafferty a tract of 275½ acres of land called Content, on part of which Mifflintown now stands. In January, 1767, Lafferty sold the tract to John Cox, in March 1767, Cox sold the tract to Wm. Maclay, Deputy Surveyor of Pennsylvania. Maclay owned the land about 7 years and in 1774, sold it to John Harris for about \$6,000. In 1791 John Harris laid out the first part of the present Mifflintown.

Three years after John Harris laid out the town the first church was built. It was built in the south west corner of the Presbyterian graveyard, directly opposite the present brick church at the north end of Main street.

The building was a stone one, and to-day foundation mounds or billocks may be seen by a close look into the

corner of the graveyard.

The following is a list of names of people who contributed to the building of the church. We are indebted to Rev. Joseph Mathers, of Bells Mills, for the list. Mr. Mathers obtained the list from his father.

WHEREAS,

"It is considered consistent that a house of worship for the professors of the Presbyterian religion be erected in Mifflintown, in the county of Mifflin, therefore, we the subscribers, fully persuaded of the propriety of such a measure, and desirous of encouraging so laudable an undertaking, do promise and engage, to pay into the hands of Hugh McCormick and James Rodman the respective sums of money annexed to our names and we do hereby authorize the aforesaid Hugh McCormick and James Rodman, or either of them, at any time after the building of the house aforesaid is begun, to demand, sue for and recover the several sums of money annexed to our respective names, for the purpose of carrying on and completing the building of the house aforementioned. Witness our hands done the first day of November, A. D., 1793.

	L	S	P
John Watson,	25	0	0
Trixtam Davis,	0	15	0
John McClure,	5	0	0
Ezra Doty, if the house is built of stone I will pay unto the trustees,	5	0	0
Samuel Jackson, if a stone house,	5	0	0
Jos. O. Ramsey,	5	0	0
Wm. Crook,	2	0	0
George Turner,	6	0	0
William Long,	1	0	0
Robert Stewart, if a stone house is built,	5	0	0
Jas Purdy fifteen shillings. If a stone house I will pay 25 pounds, if a log house,	7	10	0
James Harris,	25	0	0
Joseph Davis,	2	0	0
John Johnson, if a stone house is built,	5	0	0
John McClelland, if a stone house and four days hauling stone with wa- gon and team,	0	7	10
James Boyd	0	7	



William Harris	20	0	0
Henry Klugh,	0	10	0
Robert Jordon, if a stone house,	5	0	0
Azr Wright,	5	0	0
Hugh McCormick,	7	10	0
Robert & George Toury,	7	10	0
James Rodman,	5	0	0
John Hamilton, one pound and ten shillings. On condition that the house is built with stone, and on ground the most central to the present congregation, and of genteel plan, I will pay	7	0	0
Wm. Cunningham,	2	0	0
Joseph Sheaver,	1	2	6
William Henderson,	2	0	0
John Hardy,	5	0	0
Alex. Robison,	5	0	0
Hugh Hardy,	2	0	0
William McCormick,	5	0	0
David Hardey,	1	2	6
Alexander Hardey,	0	12	6
William Hardey,	0	12	6
Thomas Hardey,	0	12	6
George Campbell,	0	12	6
John Anderson,	1	2	6
James Henderson,	0	12	6
Joseph Vanhorne,	2	0	0
Quilla Burchfield,	0	15	0
John Knox,	6	0	0
Leob Wright,	0	10	0
James Taylor,	0	10	0
John Cunningham,	1	0	0
James Harris, Sr.,	5	0	0
James Knox,	25	0	0
Sam'l Jamison,	3	0	0
Sam'l Jamison,	2	5	0
John Elliott,	3	0	0
John Simpson,	3	0	0
Wm. Robison,	3	0	0
Wm. Brisbin,	7	10	0
Hugh Magill,	3	0	0
Matthew McClure,	3	0	0
James McCalley,	7	10	0
Wm McCoy,	7	10	0
Muel Davidson,	6	10	0
Jos. Gallaher,	5	0	0
William Campbell,	1	0	0
Charles Clark,	0	15	0
John Harris, widow,	10	0	0
John Patterson,	3	0	0
John Kelly,	2	0	0
James Johnson,	0	11	3
John Johnson,	0	11	3
Michael McMullen,	0	11	0
Abt. Sturgeon,	1	2	6
John Wright,	3	0	0
Wm. Cunningham, blacksmith,	0		

Adam Johnston,	1	0	0
Andrew Johnson,	1	0	0
John Stewart, if built of stone,	15	0	0
Wm. Martin,	6	0	0
John Beatty,	2	0	0
Samuel C. Greer,	1	10	0
Daniel Murray,	2	0	0
John Alexander,	2	5	0
John Trit,	1	2	6
Andrew Dixon,	3	0	0
Michael McCrum,	1	2	6
William Adams,	3	0	0
John Carmont,	6	0	0
John Lytle,	3	0	0
Dorothea Turbett,	3	10	0
Mary Wilson, widow,	3	15	0
Geo. Wilson, to be paid in six months,	3	15	0
David Greer,	3	7	6
James Sanderson,	5	0	0
Hugh McAlister,	1	10	0
James Aitken,	3	0	0
Thos. Turbett,	9	0	0
Andrew Nelson,	4	10	0
Thos. M. Stewart,	3	0	0
Robert McAlister,	1	10	0
James P. Nelson,	2	5	0
Andrew Patterson,	2	0	0
Wm. Bell,	0	15	0
James Criswell,	0	15	0
John Culbertson,	1	2	6
Jos. Culbertson,	1	15	0
Mos. Thompson,	1	2	6
John Patterson,	1	10	0
John Bratton,	0	8	3
John Cummin is to pay	0	15	0
Conrad Tintner,	3	0	0

	£	s	p
	423	4	4
	70	18	4
	494	2	7
Jas. McClelland, four days hauling,	3	0	0
	497	2	7
	87	4	10½
	409	17	8½

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From, *Herald*

*Mifflintown Pa*

Date, *Jan 30/96*

## IN OUR GRANDFATHERS' DAYS.



### EARLY HISTORY OF JUNIATA COUNTY.

#### What the "Mifflin Eagle" Reveals.

Several months ago while we were in Lewistown, our old friend, H. J. Walters, Esq., who, by the way, is a veteran newspaper man, handed to us a package of old papers, which he said he had found in the garret of the house he at present occupies, which had "in our grandfathers' days" been occupied by several of Mifflin county's old lawyers, while Juniata was an integral part of that county, the bulk of which papers had reference to this county. He further told us that when he moved into the house several years ago he found the garret floor thickly littered with old documents pertaining to litigation in the Mifflin county courts in the beginning of the present century, which had been left there by E. W. Hale, Esq., James McDowell, Esq., and probably other prominent lawyers of Mifflin county, who had formerly occupied the building.

These accumulations he had allowed to remain undisturbed until Dr. E. W. Hale, of Centre county, a son of E. W. Hale, Esq., one of Mifflin county's foremost and most prominent lawyers fifty to sixty years ago, called at the house, invaded the garret and, after going carefully all over the dust-covered papers, sorted out and carried off a great number of them, telling him that the others were of no consequence, and that he was at liberty to burn or do with them whatsoever he pleased. Mr. Walters, having considerable leisure, concluded that he would not destroy any, until he had carefully examined them, and so for months occupied his spare time in that kind of work, with the result that he has found quite a number of papers such as deeds, drafts, articles of agreement, &c., concerning people and lands in Mifflin county, many of which were valuable and most of which he distributed to those who were entitled to possess the same. Whenever he found any papers relating to people and lands in this county he carefully laid them aside, and afterward handed over to us, believing that as we are engaged from time to time in hunting up and publishing whatever scraps of history we come across of the times, persons and things "In Our Grandfathers' Days," in what was then an integral part of Mifflin, but is now Juniata county, we might be materially assisted in such work by the data he was thus enabled to furnish us, and but for him would have been destroyed, and that when through we could place any of value in the hands of the parties entitled to the same.

To say that we cheerfully took charge of the precious consignment but feebly expresses our feelings and sentiments. We almost hugged them to our bosom, while volubly thanking him again and again for his considerate kindness, lugged them home with jealous care, and deposited them in a safe place in our sanctum, where we can overhaul them piecemeal at our leisure, and serve up such as we deem interesting for the delectation of our readers. Among the lot we came across a copy of the "Mifflin Eagle," published in this place between the years 1817 and 1825, which, with the avidity of a gourmand, we devoured during several weeks during our spare moments, and now commence serving up for the benefit of the readers of THE HERALD.

The "Mifflin Eagle," as it was then published



ished was a small four-column folio, 18x 22½ inches in size, printed on heavy coarse paper, that may have presented a passably white appearance when new, but now, after the lapse of 75 years, with the mildew of age and exposure upon it, typographically would hardly pass muster even among the amateur papers of the present day, which, by the assistance of slop shop ready prints and boiler plate, like weeds spring up everywhere, and whose mission seems to be, without aim, object or proper conception of the characteristics of a newspaper, and with neither brains to direct nor enterprise or mechanical skill to control, to jostle, crowd and try to starve out legitimate enterprises.

The "Eagle" before us was No. 28 of Volume 4, and its date is Saturday, April 14, 1821. Its head, which is in small, and plain though very black type, is set off with a vignette of the old National seal, a spread eagle, with a branch or bough of a tree in one claw, a bundle of arrows in the other and the motto "E. Pluribus Unum" displayed on a scroll streaming from its beak. Beneath the head is the motto "Virtue Our Object—Truth Our Guide," and below that the information that it was "Printed and Published by Andrew N. Gallaher, Mifflintown, Mifflin County, Penn."

At top of first column on first page appear the "Terms of Publication," which are very similar to those of THE HERALD and the average country paper, with a few exceptions. The price of "The Eagle" was \$2 per annum, payable half-yearly in advance; subscribers for six months were compelled to pay the whole in advance, and no subscription was taken for less than six months, and all advertisements had to be accompanied by the cash. The first and leading article is an account of the proceedings of a meeting of upwards of 200 Old Bachelors, held at the Auction Hotel in New York City, which is copied from the "N. Y. Daily Advertiser." Next, "An Address to the Queen of Great Britain, by members of seventeen benefit societies of the City of Chester," with the Queen's answer thereto. Next follows an item of news from New Orleans, to the date of the 11th of March, brought by a

Captain Moody, but name of his vessel not stated, in which the Mississippi river was reported risen to an unusual height

and still rising when he left the Balize of the 14th, and that flour was retailing there at \$2.50 a barrel. Next, under a department, headed "United States Law," is published "An Act for the relief of the Purchasers of the Public Lands prior to the first day of July, eighteen hundred and twenty-two," which is published in full and bears the attestation:

Washington, March 2d, 1821. Approved, JAMES MONROE.

But, as we have about exhausted the space allotted to this department this week, we will close this article by quoting at length an appeal by the editor to his delinquent patrons for "the sinews of war," which, it seems, were as necessary in these early days for the maintenance of a newspaper as at present and about as irregularly and grudgingly paid by a class of patrons, whom we term now delinquents. Its expression and construction wakens a sympathetic chord in our breast, (hope it may in the breasts of others we might name) being ourself in a like situation at this time, and we publish it for two reasons, first to show that newspaper patrons have not made much material advancement in obedience to the golden rule in the past seventy-five years, or publishers in realizing on their investments, and, second, in the hope that as "a voice from the tombs," it may arouse many of our delinquents to a sense of their duty. Here it is:

#### What the "Mifflin Eagle" Reveals.

The second page of "The Eagle," is nearly all taken up with a review of the work of the Legislature, that had adjourned on the preceding Tuesday, which was copied from the "Harrisburg Chronicle." A cursory perusal of that article shows us that the legislature had been in session one hundred and twenty days, during which time it had passed one hundred and sixty-five acts and ten resolutions. The principal grounds on which it is commended is for its work in the reduction of the salaries of the Governor and Secretary of the Commonwealth, the former of which it reduced \$1300, and the cutting down the fees of all county officers. But while such reduction is commended, as it was demanded by the almost unanimous voice of the people, yet the "Chronicle" gravely doubts its constitutionality, as it was done between the election and



ulation of the Governor. It is well to be seen that the legislature of 1821 wasn't constructed on the lines of that of 1895 in any respect, as the latter managed to raise salaries whenever it got a chance.

Nearly a column was devoted to the "Bank Note Exchange," in which the value of the currency issued by all the banks of the country was supposed to be correctly quoted for the information and guidance of business men and dealers, but if "The Eagle's" 'Exchange was not corrected oftener than the markets now published in the average county paper, we opine that the business portion of the community did not receive much protection or benefit from the same. In the list we fail to find any banks outside of the cities of New York and Philadelphia quoted at par, save a few in Pennsylvania, the average discount ranging between 1 and 45 per cent. That was part of the era of wild cat money, which lasted up until the war of the rebellion, until it was replaced by the present Greenback and National bank issues, the best and safest currency our country has ever had.

Next appears an advertisement, in which H. McAlister offers for rent and immediate possession a first rate tavern stand in McAlistertown, the house being described as large and commodious, with stabling, shed and everything necessary in complete order. This was probably the old hotel which stood on the corner opposite the present Sharon house, which gave way several years ago to the handsome brick house occupied by Mrs. James McAlister.

Then comes a "Public Notice," by Robert Burns, in which he warns the public against purchasing "Hope Furnace" with a quantity of land attached thereto, which Thomas Beale, sheriff of Mifflin county, has advertised in the "Junlata Gazette" to be sold by him, as said Robert Burns, who gives his residence as Fermanagh township, is invested with the titles of the following tracts: William Leiper, Joseph Mayberry, Jeremiah Tolbot and James Johnston, as the record will show. Mr. Burns continues, "titles are regularly executed to me, and under those titles I do intend to contend for the property," which was possibly the primitive way of saying, the purchaser of the property will also purchase a lawsuit. That closes up the second page.

The editorial head appears at the top of the first column of the third page, where

under the name of the paper appears the following motto in italic;

"Unaw'd by fear—unbrib'd by gain,  
The People's rights we WILL maintain."

The first editorial article is a six-liner in which the editor, after stating that the commencement of hostilities in Europe appears to have affected American markets, says he takes great pleasure in stating that flour has advanced fifty cents a barrel in Philadelphia, where it is selling freely at \$3.75.

Next follows another six-liner of original matter, in which the editor hurls defiance at his brother editor of the "Pennsylvania Intelligencer," in the following sententious style:

"The last 'Pennsylvania Intelligencer' threatens' the editor of the 'Mifflin Eagle' with due attention for his observations on 'squire Mowry,' as soon as the editor returns to Harrisburg. We can assure the 'squire we do not fear his 'attention.'"

Then the editorial department is filled out with selected articles, two of which are from the York "Independent Republican" on Governor Hiester, an extract of a letter from St. Helena detailing an incident in the captivity of Napoleon Bonaparte, brief returns of the state election in Massachusetts, latest news from England, up to February 24th, the confession of a murderer in the Norfolk, Va., jail, an item about a disagreement between the two houses of the Canadian parliament, an account of an attempted mail robbery at Baltimore, a boom for one Dr. Cyrenius Chapin, who performed a successful operation for lithotomy on Nathan Clark, removing a stone 5 inches in circumference that weighed two ounces, which it considers the wonder of the age in point of scientific advancement, and a brief notice that election of militia officers will not take place until the first Monday in June. All these articles, save the first two of six lines each, were "scissored," showing that even at that early day "scissors" were as valuable an adjunct in a print shop as at the present, when anybody almost by their aid, ready print outsides, and boller-plate inside editorial or news can float a paper, and put on far more dignity and importance than a Horace Greely, James Gordon Bennett or John W. Forney.















